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Advertising Agent for VANITY FAIR.

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There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column.

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Illustrations of practical details every week. Sample copy sent for 5 cents. $2 a-year. Publisher, A. HARTHILL, 128 Fulton-st., N. Y. To be had of all News Agents.

VOL. 1. NO. 8.

# VANITY FAIR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM-SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

**FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,**
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

**TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.**

Various newspapers throughout the Union continually copy articles from VANITY FAIR without credit. The publisher of that periodical begs to state, that as the contents of VANITY FAIR are strictly original, and paid for at liberal prices, professional courtesy would demand from its contemporaries an acknowledgement of the source from which such extracts are derived.

**VANITY FAIR**

Is furnished to Clubs at the following rates — Five Copies, to one address, $13 00; Ten Copies, $25 00; Twenty Copies, $40 00. An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

*** VANITY FAIR is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

Address,
FRANK J. THOMPSON,
*Publisher and Proprietor*, 113 Nassau-street, New-York.

## VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

**HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.**

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ught to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose ontributions promise to be set on a hill and shine ac- ordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet ade in the country. The paper has already contain- many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, or is this surprising when it is known that some of the st wits and most graceful writers in the country con- ribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in ANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a omic paper in this country. They are beautifully awn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled the printing as, in many illustrated papers, wood- uts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall con- nue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to ep its pages scrupulously free from the too common whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly d conscientiously the follies of the times, there will a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and me."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the rties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are mirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday ess.*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal success, and is most decidedly entitled to the sup- rt of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are qual to those which have made *Punch* a power in the tropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of man- , terseness and humor it equals its great trans-At- tic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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"Its illustrations are superior to any that have here- re appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the mber is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. der.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'pe- ar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mer- ry.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code h should prescribe nothing worse to take than NITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up our- es, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Slavery Standard.*

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"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

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"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the eat and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tin even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vic nd folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Ju e Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly num- ber."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predeces- sors"—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

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"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for orig- inality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit, for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

**VANITY FAIR**

**WILL BE ISSUED REGULARLY ON WEDNESDAY OF EVERY WEEK,**

and will be for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single copy.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Five copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for - - - - - - - - - $12 00
Ten copies - - - - - - - - 25 00
Twenty copies - - - - - - - 40 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

*** VANITY FAIR will only be sent by Mail to places where there are no News Agencies.

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FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street, New-York.

## Designing and Engraving.

The Proprietor of VANITY FAIR would inform the Public at large that he has, attached to his establishment, an office for the execution of

**DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING,**

IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,

and that he is prepared, at all times, to get up anything in the shape of an engraving, from

A MAMMOTH COLORED POSTER

TO A

BOOK VIGNETTE.

**FRANK J. THOMPSON,**

113 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

## PFAFF'S!

AT PFAFF'S RESTAURANT

AND

LAGER BIER SALOON,

NO. 647 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

YOU WILL FIND

The Best Viands.
The Best Lager Bier.
The Best Coffee and Tea.
The Best Wines and Liquors.
The Best Havana Cigars.
The Best Company
In fine,
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT
MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S VANITY FAIR, "The Saturday Press," and all the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

## THE GOLDEN TOILET FISH,

OR

THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA,
NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying OH! Try it!
Y s, for beautify-
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Impart a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-
fect Gem For Ladies' and Children's use.
23 ANN STREET. (Depot.) 23 ANN STREET.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 23
ANN STREET, NEAR ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be in every
Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the world
A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
Depot, 23 Ann-street,
Near Astor House, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a box.
For sale by first-class houses,
Everywhere! Everywhere!
Beautiful. Beautiful.
Elegant. Elegant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 23 Ann-street.
Second Floor, Room No. 2.

KNOW THYSELF.

MANIPULATOR.—I find the reasoning and perceptive faculties very small: language, self-esteem and secretiveness large; combativeness and veneration small; acquisitiveness very large; amativeness large. This character is vain, mean, selfish, greedy, sensual and sly, talkative and cowardly. This individual would be eminently successful as a retail dry-goods clerk.

## DOUGLAS'S SERENADE.

AIR, *Molly Bawn.*

O Polly Tix, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you?
The Stars and Stripes are brightly shining,
And pray, why shouldn't I shine too?
O, Polly Tix! O, Polly Tix!

The Black Republicans are snarling,
They take me for a thief, you see,
They know I'd steal a march, my darling,
Unless defeated I should be;
O, Polly Tix! O, Polly Tix!

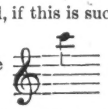
My little nose doth brightly bloom, dear—
My little eyes do brightly shine—
The White House must be some one's home, dear,
And maybe it was made for mine;
O, Polly Tix! O, Polly Tix!

### A Joke of some Note.

The great anxiety of a Tenor:—

"To or not to , that is the question."

And, it may be added, if this is successfully surmounted then comes

"The  of troubles,"

on which so many unfortunate Tenors have been wrecked.

### Words and Deeds.

Before the organization of the House, the members were all ready to fight to the extremity of boldness. Now that the way is clear, when the question of proceeding to business arises, they all Fight Shy.

## FOR SALE LOW, TO CLOSE A CONCERN.

THE Goddess of Liberty, being about to retire from business, begs leave to offer the entire stock in trade of her establishment for sale.

The G. of L. would offer, at the same time, the "good will" of the concern, but unhappily it is a long while since her once excellent supporters and customers have exhibited any good will towards her. The attention of distant nationalities, who may be thinking about a revolution, Hungarians, Poles, or Irishmen, is specially invited to this great sale.

Among the articles for which she has no further use, and which will be disposed of, without reserve, to the highest bidder, are the following materials in a slightly damaged condition:—

LOT No. 1—Will comprise that most respectable fowl, the American Eagle, of the single-headed species, with his claws full of sheet lightning and thunderbolts. Warranted genuine. Any nation in need of an Emblem will be treated with on the most liberal terms.

LOT No. 2—A fine assortment of Liberty Poles, with caps to match. The attention of L. N., who is said to have a curious collection of similar articles in his private cabinet in the Tuileries, is particularly requested to these worthless commodities.

LOT No. 3.—The beautiful motto of *E pluribus Unum*, which rendered important services in times past, but is no longer available for national purposes. The attention of the Argentine Confederation and the Mexican people is respectfully invited to this very excellent article. The G. of L. is sorry to part with what she has heretofore regarded as one of the most precious jewels in her regalia, but the change in her circumstances compels the sacrifice.

LOT No. 4—The Stars and Stripes, which she would prefer to wrap around her, like the late Mr. Kirby of the National Theatre, and die as would become a Goddess retiring from business; but she hopes, after the next Presidential election, to be on her feet again, and therefore she will not entertain the idea of dying just now.

LOT No. 5—Will consist of a lot of fine sentiments, not at all the worse for wear, among which will be found, "The Memory of Washington," the "Declaration of Independence," the "Rights of Man," "United we stand, divided we fall," "Sic Semper Tyrannis," "Give me Liberty, or give me death," and Governor Wise's beautiful sentiment, "The Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union." A large lot of Fourth of July orations and Bunkum speeches will be thrown in, gratis, if the purchaser of this lot should desire them.

LOT No. 6—A large lot of national melodies, songs, anthems and choruses—an entire invoice, consisting of "Hail, Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Adams and Liberty," "The Star Spangled Banner."

LOT No. 7—That lovely eidolon called Uncle Sam, or Brother Jonathan, which has been found so very valuable for the purposes of burlesque and comic illustrations.

The Goddess of Liberty begs leave to refer to the following named gentlemen, for further particulars, who have been appointed the assignees for her estate:—

REFERENCES—Robert Toombs, of Geo., Jeff. Davis, of Miss., James Gordon Bennett, of New-York, William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, Horace Greeley, late of New Hampshire.

*Terms*—Indefinite credit.

### An Aloe of Wit.

Great consternation has been excited in the small but determined circle of readers of the *Century* by the bold expression of a joke in its columns. Observe the recklessness of the frivolity: not in an obscure corner, away off in some distant realm of its boundless space; not insidiously among the Obituaries; not in small, uncertain, experimental type, is the wild jest perpetrated; but right at the head of a double-leaded leader, and that leader a grave, ecclesiastical one, it shows its grinning teeth. We submit to all those who appreciate the true dignity of life, and especially the necessity of one decent and high-toned journal, whether "Pope-ular Sovereignty" is not, in the strictest sense, a low order of intelligence.

### Western Courtship.

A schoolmaster at Boardman, Ohio, (a Strapping fellow, as it appears) having failed to secure the affections of a young lady under his charge, revenged himself by punishing her, for some alleged fault, so severely that her back was covered with stripes. At first sight, this would appear to be an extraordinary method of winning a woman's heart; but after all, it may have been the schoolmaster's only way of Making an Impression upon her.

### What's in a Name?

It is a significant fact that the first movement in the House of Representatives toward reducing the Public Expenditures and diffusing principles of economy, proceeds from Mr. Hoard, of New York.

## THE SORROWS OF A DEAD-HEAD.

DON'T you pray for me? I am a Dead-Head.

It was once my loftiest ambition to be on the free-lists everywhere. I am passionately fond of dramatic spectacles. I cannot live without them. But I cannot pay fifty cents nightly, and live on a salary of six hundred a year.

So, by strenuous exertions, I succeeded in obtaining entrance gratis to all the theatres and fancied that I should be happy.

Poor deluded fool! I am painfully sensitive in my appreciation—but I have to applaud, you see. So I go every evening, and suffer the agonies of the d—oomed!

O, when I see some desperate blockhead murdering a noble rôle, mechanically repeating his lines like a stupid schoolboy, leaving out whole pssages, each of which cost the author an immensity of study, of labor, of pain and travail, interposing bits of stale wit and vulgar gag, and going complacently off without having shown one spark of fire, one ray of intelligence—without having given the least of earnestness or elegance to his part, how I long to hiss him out of existence—to pierce his very soul with fierce serpent-like sibillations, and drive him to hide his insignificant head in the eternal and ignominious oblivion he deserves.

But I can't do it.

The Managers are my friends, Through them I live, move, and have my being as a theatre-goer.

Have you not seen me often, dear reader, sitting in the parquette, the orchestra chairs, the boxes, or the pros cenium *loges* of all the places of amusement in town? Sitting and gazing upon the scene, and ever and anon applauding—beating my reluctant palms together in idiotic and unmeaning approbation of acting—acting? no, *aping*—that sickens and disgusts me! Stamping and crying "bravo!" to execrable fiddling and shouting—clapping my hands in utter regardlessness, not only of kid gloves at a dollar and a qarter a pair, but of the truth, and the honesty, and the honor that should be held sacred to every heart, as making the difference between the Gentleman and the Snob!

Yet gratitude—loftiest of human virtues—demands that I shall do this thing, for there is the Manager, with his terrible Managerial smile, gazing about the house—be it from a box, be it from the wings—and I must applaud, or be ungrateful.

I cannot live without the theatre, yet my sufferings within it are killing me. My eyes are dimning, my cheeks paling, my wrinkles deepening, my hair growing gray, my form bent, my hand tremulous, and my steps uncertain; I hate life and my fellow-beings—and all from the horrible necessity I feel of violating my noblest feelings, and crushing out my soul's best impulses.

Pray for me!

### Disbanding the English Militia.

We learn without surprise of the intention to disband the newly organized militia of England. What but disaffection could be expected, from such an open and undisguised attempt on the part of the Government to Rifle the whole country?

### Good News for the Men.

The recent change in the style of female costume appears at once prudent and amiable; it is a sign that the ladies consider that their charms have been too Long Wasted.

### Mem. for Lucy Stone.

WOMAN'S BEST RIGHT.—The Marriage Rite.

### "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

Stepping over into New Jersey.

## STEPHEN D. AND JIMMY B.

*Air.*—Gaffer Green and Robin Ruff.

If I get to the White House next year, Jimmy B.,
(But I never shall get there I fear,)
Won't Seward be mad, and the Democrats glad,
If I get to the White House next year, Jimmy B.,
If I get to the White House next year.

If you run for the White House next year, Stephen D.,
'Twill not pay for your trouble I fear;
But be honest and true, and say what you will do,
If you get to the White House next year, Stephen D.,
If you get to the White House next year.

Oh, I'll do—oh, I hardly know what, Jimmy B.,
But the capers I'll cut will be queer;
For I'll send round the drink, and not care what folks think,
Whilst I live in the White House that year, Jimmy B.,
Whilst I live in the White House that year.

But when the four years slip away, Stephen D.,
And the end of your term shall draw near,
Say what, 'mid t your grief, will afford you relief,
As you give up the White House that year, Stephen D.,
As you give up the White House that year?

Oh! I never can tell what you're at, Jimmy B.,
Your questions are always so queer;
But since other folks lie, I suppose so must I,
—Yes—to get to the White House next year, Stephen D.,
Yes—to get to the White House next year.

There's a place that is better than that, Stephen D.,
But I fancy you'll never get there;
And unless you advance, you've a precious small chance,
Of reaching the White House next year, Stephen D.,
Of reaching the White House next year.

"'CA'MY MUSHIC! 'CA'MY MUSHIC! CONFOUN' IT! WHERE'S THEIR POSHTER, CHARLEY? I DON' SEE 'NY BILL. THA'S ALWAYS THE WAY. NOW 'F DID'N WAN' T' FIN' IT, WE'D FIN' FUSH THING. BUT JUS' CAUSE WE DO WAN' TO FIN' IT, WE CAN'T FIN' IT. AINT THA' SHO, CHARLEY? (Hic.) DAMN!"

A LUXURIOUS IDEA.

PATRICK (*to his friend who drives a "kerridge."*)—Mike, I'm goin' to get a diworce.

MIKE.—A diworce? What's a diworce?

PATRICK.—Why, it's one of those fashionable ways av procurin a Harem.

## LO! THE POOR INDIAN.

GREAT INDIAN EXHIBITION AT BLEECKER BUILDING.—The great Indian orator and chief, OKA TE-WALLA; or, Mountain Panther, just arrived from the wilds of Oregon, with his warriors and squaws from the forest, equipped as when prepared for battle. They will represent in their wild and untutored eloquence the pleasing and startling peculiarities of the red man of the woods, painting with dramatic power many of the horrific scenes of blood and battle that are now being enacted by these uncivilized brethren of the forest. The public will find this exhibition of savage life truly what it is represented to be, and the object of the Chief is to gain a knowledge of civilized life, and to return and teach it to his tribe.—*Herald.*

So the Great Indian Orator, Mountain Panther, Esq., and his tribe have come from the "wilds of Oregon" to "gain a knowledge of civilized life," that may be very easily accomplished. They are, in all probability, receiving their first lessons at the present moment,—from the gentlemen who have aided them in getting up their exhibition. Some three or four years ago a set of Chinese jugglers took lessons in civilization from very able instructors in this city—they were so enamored of our institutions and manners that not one of the original forty ever returned home. They are to be met with round the Park fence, along South-street and up and down Broadway, peddling "two-for-a-cent-penny-grabs." All were possessed of money and other valuables at their advent, which they liberally paid and pawned for their delightful experience among us. Of course nothing was gained by the civilized ciceroni. Oh! No! The stage managers, door-keepers, scene-shifters, prompters and call-boys at Bleecker Building are also wholly disinterested—except for the Indian. There will be no "Indian Gifts" in this matter. Certainly not! If anybody is to be "sold" it will, doubtless, be the white man;—these savages are so cunning—a Yankee can't hold a candle to them." Oh! indeed they are sharp!

We hope Mr. Panther will not fail to witness civilization in all its varied forms; as found at Lawrence, in Elm-street, on our railroads and steamboats, in our Municipal and State bodies politic, and in that august assembly of intellect, refinement, dignity and Christian-like decorum now sitting in the National Capitol. He should also assist at our public worship, our amusements, our criminal trials and executions. He must post himself as to police, sanitary, and charitable matters. Let him inspect our asylums, hospitals, work-houses and tenement houses, and acquaint himself with our criminal statistics, the manner of conducting dog, cock and prize fights.

We sincerely hope that, having come so far for so worthy a purpose, the Indians will not only go back to their forests pleased, but positively burning with anxiety to educate their brethren in all our wonderful accomplishments; so that, in a few years, the Oregon tribe may find itself on an equality with us in every respect. How proud would these poor creatures be, could they one day excel us in murders, explosions, congressional rows, and the like! Hail to the Chief!

## PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A Western clergyman named H. T. Lewis, having been attacked by bronchitis, his physician prescribed a situation as conductor on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which the invalid straightway took. We learn that he is rapidly running off his disease at the rate of thirty miles an hour, or thereabout. If the final success be equal to present indications, it will be evident that medical men are on the track of a great discovery. It has hitherto been understood that the mission of railroads is to endanger and destroy, rather than preserve human life. This new development of the law of compensation will be welcomed with delight, even if the restorative power of the railroad should be confined to throat diseases, much will be gained. A mild case of catarrh might be overcome by a few days' duty in the capacity of brakeman. For an ordinary sore throat, a trip or two as fireman ought to operate favorably. A mere cold in the head would simply call for a little service as lubricator of machinery, and in case of accompanying nasal impediment, a judicious application of the same grease to the obstructed member would be advantageous. And so on through the chapter. The arrangement would benefit both sides, for, notwithstanding their characteristic modesty, it is not to be expected that railroad companies could forego the legitimate opportunities of profit that would open to them. Railway service would command a premium, and, naturally enough, advertisements of this description would appear thus:—

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

There is a disease whose unrelenting fangs ruthlessly penetrate the sanctity of the family circle, and whose ravages countless thousands mourn. Its progress is insidious, its effects are fatal to the bodies of its victims and harrowing to the minds of surviving relatives, and its name is Consumption. For ages it has baffled the skill of the wise, and ridden its course of devastating triumph. But its day is now over, and its doom is sealed, for Consumption can be cured. Likewise Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and kindred diseases.

The Skowhegan and Tallahassee Railroad Company beg to announce to the afflicted that desirable situations on their trains are now open, at moderate rates. Particulars may be learned on personal application. The attention of sufferers from stiff necks is particularly invited, as there is at present a number of vacancies in the engine-driving department, where immovability of head and neck from one direct position is requisite.

N. B. It must be distinctly understood that the company refuses to assume all responsibility in case of accident. The company can only undertake to Cure or Kill.

COME AND TRY IT.
COME AND TRY IT.
COME AND TRY IT.
TERMS MODERATE.
TERMS MODERATE.
TERMS MODERATE.

### Wonderful, if True.

The *Herald*, in reporting a lecture, delivered in Brooklyn by Dr. Cahill, says:—

"He commenced *by practically illustrating* how a man could walk on the ceiling with his head downwards, as a fly."

This *practical illustration* must have been highly entertaining to the audience, who probably expected only a lecture from the learned gentleman. We congratulate the Doctor on his gymnastic skill; it really exceeds that of our Firemen, who "drop from the middle of the street into the upper stories of burning buildings."

### Good Name for Prospective Female Martyr.

Sal Amanda.

### Drunkard's Maxim.

Let Well alone.

IT'S ALL VERY NICE TO TAKE YOUR ARABELLA OUT TO CENTRAL PARK, JUST SO!, BUT WHEN ARABELLA'S MA—WHO CAN'T WEIGH AN OUNCE LESS THAN 211 *lbs.*, AVOIRDUPOIDS—INSISTS UPON GOING TOO, SKATING HAS ITS DISADVANTAGES.

## PREPOSTEROUS FARE!

O look at this :—

WANTED, a few stout, strong Boys, to feed on Folding Machines. Those accustomed to feeding on Adams's Presses preferred; to such, constant employment will be given. Inquire for C. Mullane, in the *Tribune* Office Press-room.

This is from the pretended organ of humanity and dispenser of Christian benignity. The public will now know how to estimate the *Tribune*'s philanthropic professions. We should like to ask Mr. Horace Greeley if he considers this doing as he would be done by. How would he like, for example, to be put on a regular diet of complicated machinery, for a period of some years? He is both stout and strong, but how long would he remain so, with his gastric functions impaired by the efforts to sustain life on a few pounds of patented brass and steel a day? We imagine he would very soon lose that extreme sweetness of temper for which he is so universally distinguished. A regimen of machinery would not go down with him, however well oiled it might be. Do Mr. Greeley and his confederate, C. Mullane, look upon the youth of this metropolis as ostriches? Why, even ostriches, though sensible of a weakness as regards boardnails, bullets, hand-saws, pocket-pistols, and such appetizing trifles, would think twice before attacking so imposing a banquet as a well seasoned Folding Machine, or Adams press. The proposition of Mr. C. Mullane is inhuman, and we trust that all attempts of the kind to tamper with the health and physical development of the rising generation will be sternly resisted. If this sort of thing goes on, we may as well look forward to the time when a ten-cylinder shall be laid in for family consumption, when a decayed North River steamboat shall fulfill its destiny at Delmonico's, and when daily refreshments shall be sought, not at the cheerful hostelries of this day, but among the blacksmith's and ironmonger's shops of the East side of the city. The *Tribune* may be the organ of whatever else it likes, but it can never hereafter claim to be the organ of digestion.

### A Literary Persecution.

The sorrows of Mr. James B., in the consciousness that that Mazeppa of principle, Mr. Forney, is after him on his fiery untamed steed, "Anti-Lecompton," may be very severe. But they are not for an instant to be compared with the torments of Mr. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*. This gentleman (who, we may as well state, does *not* write for the *Ledger*) is bestrode by a colossus of correspondence. Mr. Carey pursues him, remorseless, with a sharp quill. In spite of his most emphatic assurance that he cannot do it, Father Carey positively insists that he get to writing letters with him. He will not be particular about the length. A yard a day, a furlong a month; name your quantity, and c—ome to me!

When we reflect that Mr. Carey has already conferred additional gray upon the hairs of our venerable President by a similar course of epistolary sprouts to that through which he is determined to put the innocent and unoffending Bryant, we can only entreat him, in the name of our common humanity, to turn his attention to Governor Wise, who exists for no other purpose than to write letters and to whom are surrendered all the columns of the Richmond *Enquirer*.

### Important Advertisement.

HOW TO SECURE A COMFORTABLE INDEPENDENCE UNIMPAIRED BY THE INCONVENIENCES OF LABOR. — To Young Gentlemen of Luxurious Turn of Mind. Would you possess the means of gaining an elegant subsistence, at the cost of merely nominal exertions? Use my Onguent! In six weeks it will force the most exuberant growth of whiskers and mustaches on the smoothest face, fully qualifying the wearer to assume an honorable and easy position behind any retail counter of Broadway. Use my Onguent!! It compels feminine admiration, and ensures prompt attention from heads of mercantile houses. Only six weeks of preparation, and a pleasant, calm and creditable station so long as the vitality of the beard continues. Use my Onguent. Price moderate; sent by mail anywhere. R. G. Blackham, New-York.

### Very Rural.

We print the following to give the reader an idea of the style of joke we are daily receiving from the provinces :—

"A Jolly Tar with his mates all at once Stoped In brow Shay Shift my timbers Mates if the olde Gal isint runing of with Our water casks under her Sales."

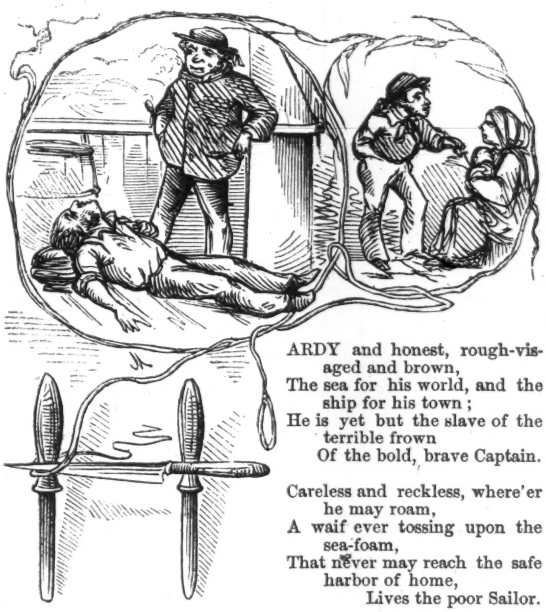
### Remarkable Case of Presence of Mind.

A Counter-Jumper was discovered, last week, who really had some intelligence.

### Vanity Fair Trade Mark.

Jolly T.

## ONLY A SAILOR.



ARDY and honest, rough-visaged and brown,
The sea for his world, and the ship for his town;
He is yet but the slave of the terrible frown
Of the bold, brave Captain.

Careless and reckless, where'er he may roam,
A waif ever tossing upon the sea-foam,
That never may reach the safe harbor of home,
Lives the poor Sailor.

He's a man with a soul, till he steps on the deck,
But the slave of the South ne'er bent lower his neck,
Than the Sailor then bends at the nod or the beck
Of the quarter-deck despot.

Let him try, if he dares, when his manhood is stung,
By the curses and taunts that are lavishly flung
By each petty tyrant, if the freedom of tongue
Makes all free and equal.

Tell how he was drugged in a villanous den,
And thrown on your deck like a hog from a pen,
But that didn't matter, you then needed men,
And he was a Sailor.

How the owners of ships, who have souls to be saved,
Who will have on their tombstones their virtues engraved,
Of course never knew how the Crimp had enslaved
This beast of a Sailor.

How the virtuous Captain then paid out the gold,
To the virtuous landlord who his body had sold,
And thus did they gather the lamb to the fold,
Dead drunk, but a Sailor.

"Keelhaul the wretch; let the foam of the sea
Teach him his manners, and supple his knee,
That he'll never more prate of his manhood so free—
An unmannerly Sailor."

Buck him, and gag him, and so "stop his clatter,"
And then, my brave Corporal, it will not much matter,
As you hurry him down, if the head you should batter,
Of the half-drunken Sailor.

Or lay on the rope till the bloody welts rise;
Let the agony shoot from his horror-strained eyes;
It don't matter much if the poor devil dies,
He's only a Sailor.

But perhaps he may live, with back bloody and raw
From the merciless scourge: let him call on the law;—
Bah! Every indictment will carry a flaw,
To help the bold Captain.

Or the merciful Judge lets the plea be put in,
And sustained, that the villain got drunk on his gin;
And discipline then calls that a great sin
In this wretch of a Sailor.

Oh, but politic Captain, and merciful Mate,
There's a much surer way, now, of stopping the prate
Of the wretch who falls under the ban of your hate,
A poor worn-out Sailor.

Just curse him, and damn him, and cuff him about,
And then, when the devil's aroused, why, no doubt,
There'll be found an excuse to let the blood out
Of the brute of a Sailor.

A belaying-pin's heavy, and the skull is so thin,
That the blow, if well aimed, will go crashing in:
To kill such a mutinous wretch is no sin,
So says the bold Captain.

Then read a short prayer o'er the corpse stiff and stark,
And launch him as food for the other sea-shark,
And say on your log, "He was lost in the dark,"
Poor, wretched sailor!

## PAINFUL CASE OF PUFF-DE-SE.

We suppose that it would be really unreasonable to look for syntax and sanctity united, even in those newspapers which monopolize the merit of being religious. We are not surprised, therefore, to find the managers of the *Independent* jubilantly announcing that "the Editorial *corps* which *were* engaged at the commencement of the enterprise *remains* unchanged." We are also told that "nearly three thousand subscribers since the Holidays, exclusive of Renewals." This sentence, being quite deficient in the rather important article of verb, leaves us in doleful doubt. What have the three thousand subscribers done or suffered, since last Christmas? Have they paid up, or have they bolted? And who is Renewals? What is Renewals's Christian name? Where do or does Renewals live? Are Renewals singular or is Renewals plural? And why is or are Renewals selected and set apart in this special way? We feel an interest in Renewals, who must be a distinguished person or persons.

Although the *Independent* displays a *corps* of contributors almost equal to our own, there are two well known characters who should be engaged. They are both, not doubtfully, but decidedly dead—a point not always easily settled in regard to contributors—and their articles, recourse being had to rappers, might well be printed under the head of Table Talk. One of them is the Murray who defended Toleration in Scotland, and the other is the Murray who taught Grammar in England. We credit the *Independent* when it says that "any single department of the paper are alone worth the price of the paper;" but the departments of the Two Murrays is the present desideratum.

### Fire Department Regulations.

A number of new rules for the Fire Department has just been issued by Superintendent Pillsbury. The following are also to be put in force at the earliest opportunity:—

1. More care must be exercised in the preservation of valuable furniture. Firemen will hereafter, in all cases, avoid Playing upon Pianos.
2. Neither pianos, nor organs, nor any species of musical instrument must be used for purposes of Scaling, except when great heights are to be reached.
3. In saving property, wardrobes are not to be neglected, and special care must be taken of Hose.
4. To gain the roofs of occupied houses, ladders are to be used outside, as complaints have been made that, in passing through, firemen are apt to Stair too much.
5. In breaking windows, which is often necessary, firemen will take heed to spare the owner as much Pane as possible.
6. Rash strangers, venturing within burning houses, must be immediately Put Out.

### An Aspiring Young Man and a Spiral

The difference between the piece now playing at Wallack's and the one at the Winter Garden, is that the hero of the first is very much Straitened, while the hero of the other is All of a Twist.

### A Phenomenon we Should Like to See.

Streets Weeping.

### The Quickest Path Out of the Country.

Redpath.

### Food for Celestials.

A Skye Terrier.

N HER NATIVE HOME.

AFTER A MONTH'S RESIDENCE IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE BIDDY.

### A Little Lesson for Jimmy Buchanan.

At a place called Aus-tra-lia, far over the sea, the folks use a strange weap-on called Boo-me-rang, which in English means Fornie. The folks there know how to use it, but when strange folks, who do not know how to use it, take it up and throw it from them, it comes right back ve-ry hard, and hurts them ve-ry much, and some-times kills them. It is a ve-ry ug-ly weap-on, and good lit-tle boys should not touch it; but lit-tle boys may be rash, if not warned, so all good boys must take care nev-er to han-dle the Boo-me-rang, lest their friends, if they have any, should mourn for them on some bright March af-ter-noon.

### A Peck-adillo.

Elder Peck, the Treasurer of the State of Maine, is a defaulter to the amount of $100,000. Very good measure for a false Peck.

### Of Course it was.

A correspondent thinks that our joke about sad irons was not only melancholy but Flat.

### Extravagance in Hart.

Using marble to make a statue of Clay.

## THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

"Occasional," regular Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, glories in being a Sphynx. It loves to be the epistolary nut that nobody can crack. It agitates incessantly the question, Who Am I? It strikes a variety of attitudes, and asks, Do you know me now? It makes it a matter of imminent importance to the whole country not to know who it is. It inquires, in a recent letter, "How could I be Forney, when I appear in the *Press*, no matter whether he is here or elsewhere, whether he is in Washington, Philadelphia, or New-York?" It immediately adds, however, as if to mitigate this severity, and to show that it is perfectly good-natured in all this, "it is true I am in some sense *a polypus*, for I have many doubles, and more than one representative," a remark which we like because of its spirit, and not because we have a friend who is a Polypus that has doubles, or for other personal reasons. As it was "dining with Mr. Secretary ——," he said to it, "Pray tell me who 'Occasional.'" Colonel ——, of Kentucky, said to it, one other evening at Brown's," "I have at last found out 'Occasional.'" "Riding from Mount Vernon on Saturday" it "heard a Southerner dilating upon politics in general, and correspondents in particular," who said, "But the most mysterious of all is 'Occasional,' of Forney's *Press*."

Of what importance is the sex of the Zoyara, why should we care to know who inflicted the blow upon William Patterson, while the mystery of "Occasional's" identity is unsolved? We have our little theory. We have not decided the authorship of the Junius Letters, and we have never been to Nineveh, but if it should put the question directly to us, in a manner that would admit of no equivocation, our courteous, yet decided answer would be, Mr. Buchanan's Valet, that's What you Are! Facts elicited from the correspondence itself leave it no longer doubtful that Mr. Forney, with that sagacity which is the shining trait of his character, has effected a little arrangement with the President's body-servant—he who sets straight his matutinal neck-tie and mixes his vesperian tod—and, through him, with the cook and Miss Lane's maid, and, in fact, the entire Kitchen cabinet, to supply him daily with minute, special and provoking matters of fact. How else could "Occasional" know just how much liquor the President can stand, and how he takes it? How else could "he (the P.) have said before Judge Black and Myself on Monday, the 23d of January, that he has never had any fears of dissolution till now?"

How else could he pick up all the crumbs that fall from his master's table, and scavenger the offal of Washington society, and catch all the drippings of the political stew-pan, and make a boast of his office

### The Office-Holder's Problem.

Is Political Economy wealth?

### A Southern Astrologer.

An Over Seer.

## OPENING-DAY.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

The splendor falls
On cloaks and shawls,
And showy goods in every story;
The gas-light shakes
Its lurid flakes,
And the COUNTER-JUMPER's in his glory!
Blow, merchants, blow! Set the big stories flying,
Blow, merchants; answer, salesmen—lying, lying, lying.

O, bah! O, dear!
What talk I hear,
And thinner, weaker, feebler growing;
These fellows are
Too bad by far,
The horns of their employers blowing;
Blow, merchants, blow! Set the big stories flying,
Blow, merchants; answer, salesmen—lying, lying, lying.

Ah! would they try
To live—or die—
By manly toil, despairing never!
But no, each soul
Plays woman's rôle,
And tape and yard-stick rule forever!
Go, merchants, go; send these young spoonies flying;
And you, oh, salesmen, stop your lying, lying, lying.

## HINT TO BIOGRAPHERS.

What's in a name? A deal, particularly if it be the name of a book by the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, L.L.D. The Reverend Doctor Ingraham, having made the most of Lafitte, the celebrated Pirate and Inventor of Claret, has turned his attention to David the King of the Jews, and thus elaborately christens his new work:

THE THRONE OF DAVID; or, the Rebellion of Prince Absalom; being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power, and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, Prophet: In a Series of Letters Addressed by an Assyrian Embassador, Resident at the Court of Jerusalem, to his Lord and King on the throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judæa, is presented to the Reader as by an Eye Witness. By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, L.L.D.

Here is certainly a capital and novel idea. We beg leave to announce that we shall soon publish:

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; who was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Six, of Poor but Honest Parents; who was Printer's Devil to his Brother, cut his Composing Stick, and absconded to Philadelphia, in the Streets of which City he was observed by his Future Wife, eating a Penny Roll; who was a Member of the Continental Congress, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, the Discoverer of Thunder and Lightning; who visited Europe in a Diplomatic Capacity, was Governor of Pennsylvania, and, having amassed a considerable Property, was consequently called Poor Richard, and died in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety, in the Eighty-Fourth Year of his Age, highly respected. By a WARM ADMIRER. Fiftieth Thousand.

# THE KING AND THE GHOST OF GAFFER FORNEY.

*(AFTER CRUIKSHANK.)*

KING JAMES.—"A GHOST! STAND OFF!"

## LECTURE AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

O T long since, a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen assembled one Thursday evening, to listen to a lecture to be delivered by Wendell Phillips, on the Life and Services of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the colored Ossawattomie of San Domingo.

Mr. Phillips, on coming forward, bowed to the ladies, and amidst terrific cheering began:

My Friends,—
I mean to lecture you tonight,
In such a manner that you'll not forget,
You, nor your sons, the meanness of your race—
Your grovelling, doughfaced, Anglo Saxon race.

[*Immense Cheering.*]

The subject of my lecture shall be one
Through whose rich veins the blood of Afric runs,
Untainted by one drop of the white man's;
And, therefore, what I say of him to-night,
That may awake your admiration, give
To the black man the glory and the praise.

[*Loud Applause.*]

There is an Island in the Indian Sea,
Whose heaven-born climate and luxurious soil,
Teeming with boundless stores of nature's wealth,
Awoke the white man's quenchless thirst for spoils.
There rose her gorgeous palaces, unmatched
For taste and splendor by old Greece or Rome,
And which the proudest Bourbon of them all
Ne'er hoped to rival, but would imitate,
So feebly in his world-renowned Versailles,
That mockers laughed the mimic in his face.

[*Here the whole assembly were convulsed with laughter.*]

There was our Toussaint born—the patriot brave!—
The soldier statesman! and the martyr sage!
Through whose rich veins no drop of Saxon blood
Soiled the pure stream of Afric's sturdy race.
There dwell the Island citizens of France,
Lords of the soil, and many a horde of slaves,
Who, like our own fierce Saxon Southern lords,
Knew the fair daughters of the race contemn'd;
But, not unlike our heartless Saxon lords,
Acknowledged all their lovely progeny,
Nor turned them friendless on a pitiless world;
For when they met them on the public road
Astride an Arab charger, or approaching
The gate of a walled town, they were unhorsed,
In deference to their sires' parental pride,
Who ne'er forgot affection's natural bonds,
As do our Anglo-Saxon cotton lords.

[*Great moving of fans and immense cheering.*]

They might not worship God in the same pew,
Nor sleep in the same quiet grave, so well.
These Island citizens acknowledged rights
That are forgotten where the "Martyr Brown"
Did uncomplaining yield his blessed life,
To the fierce Moloch of our guilty land.

[*Loud and long continued cheering, in which the ladies joined with spirit.*]

I will repeat the words these fathers used,
Who ne'er forgot the brood that called them "Sire,"
"Sink this fair Island 'neath the stormy sea,
Ere we admit these bastards to our boards!"
So well these fathers loved their sable sons.

[*Cheers.*]

Toussaint had number'd fifty years, when first
Before his native countrymen he rose
To carve a name the nations might adore.
Of education proper he had none,
But of the Fetish lore he had amass'd
A boundless stock—could name you herbs and roots,
And of their qualities could tell you much.
In all his veins there flowed no single drop
Of Saxon blood. He was as black as night,
And scented as plantation niggers are,
Yet happy in the texture of his wool.
I thunder in your ears Napoleon's name—
The gallant Frenchman's lips resound his praise—
I speak to you of your own Washington,
And you exhaust the limits I've assign'd
To this, my lecture, glorifyiug him,
The Hero of all times and every clime:
But I assert here, 'neath the arch of Heaven,
And in the teeth of all assembled here,
That he of whom I speak is greater far
Than these, or others whom you please to name,
Who've proved themselves the worshipp'd of mankind.

[*Here the cheering and applause were really terrific, and one old gentleman had to be carried off the scene, apparently no longer able to control his excitement.*]

Macaulay tells you Cromwell was a man
Superior to the modern Charlemagne,
And gives his reasons: I now tell you here,
That Toussaint L'Ouverture o'ertopp'd them all.
Cromwell led Britons, obdurate and brave,
To fight with Britons brave as was himself.
Toussaint form'd soldiers of a race of slaves,
Despised, oppress'd, and trodden in the dust;
Yet, barbarous and ignorant as they were,
And—cowards, if the term best suits your taste—
Yet they were brave: did they not burn the towns
In the dark, dismal watches of the night,
When drowsy sleep oppress'd the white man's eyes?
Did they not fill the air with shrieks and groans
Of agony, and laugh to see the maiden
Fling herself frantic on the burning pile
To 'scape the foul pollution of their touch?
Did they not poison all the mountain streams,
And every well and cistern? that when their foes,
In that hot, sickly climate, raged with thirst,
They drank and died, and filled the putrid air
With pestilence so fatal to the whites,
Was not this bravery? Did Napoleon's bands,
Flush'd with their triumphs in a hundred fights,
E'er bear them thus before a haughty foe?

[*Voice in the crowd, "No sirce."*]

Well might Napoleon to his sister cry,
"I gave you soldiers—you bring ashes back."

[*Great excitement among the ladies, which was happily settled without the interference of the Police.*]

The black man has no courage! See!
The bones of fifty thousand Frenchmen on the soil,
Bleach'd by the torrid gales of fifty years!
And answer truly—Can a negro fight?
Doth he not truly merit liberty?
Ah! centuries hence, some proud, historic bard,
Will cull the noblest heroes of all lands
To form a galaxy amid the stars:
Phocian, the greatest, purest Greek of all—
Brutus, the firstborn of the Roman gods—
Hampden the Briton—Lafayette the Gaul—
Our Washington, the sun-flower of his age,
And "Ossawattomie Brown," the rose of ours:
But having dipp'd his pen in liquid sunlight.
High in the clear blue sky above them all,
He'll write the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

[*The audience dispersed amidst vociferous applause, hideous groans and cheering, that lasted for several minutes.*]

### A Changs for the Worse.

In view of the load of wrongs our political rulers have saddled us with, we propose that, henceforth, we drop the title "Sovereign People," and adopt the obviously more appropriate one of "Suffering People."

### Sampson's Strength.

Mane Strength.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### The Southern Sawbones.

HIS dangerous animal is found in the latitude of Philadelphia.

It is carniverous, subsisting principally upon boarding-house keepers, and devours poor widows in that line with the utmost voracity. While its palate rejects no tradesmen, it has a tooth single to tailors. It also feeds with keen relish upon the words of Governor Wise.

The habits of the Sawbones are foul and clinging. There is one weed that it continually chews, the juice of which oozes out at the corners of its mouth, and defiles its track. It is said by huntsmen—employed by the city authorities—that they are thus enabled to follow their game. It never goes to water; its eyes are wild, rolling, and red; its hair attains a length that laughs at the shearer; its whole appearance is fierce and shaggy. As it roams the streets at night, women and children flee, affrighted, while nothing but the knowledge that the creature is really a coward preserves the spirit of the men tremendous.

The Sawbones has never been domesticated; and the eminent African explorer, Mr. Du Chaillu, while on a recent visit to its chosen haunts, expressed the belief that it is a member of the Gorilla species, partly basing it upon a passion remarkable in both animals for brandishing great sticks, such as the branches of small trees, or silver-headed canes.

It is thonght that the species will finally disappear before advancing civilization. Being acutely sensitive to changes of climate, every Northern blast drives away a large number. Not long since more than three hundred migrated in one drove. The community slept more soundly, and relaxed many precautions against the predatory incursions of the dreaded beast.

### Damning with Faint Praise.

The *Tribune* reprints from the *London Examiner* the following opinion of Mr. Bayard Taylor:—

"A clever, cheerful man, who has run over much of the surface of the globe, and written many welcome books of travel. He is a gossip who never exceeds the bounds of discretion; he likes much to see lions, whether in the flesh or whether built of stone, but he has left in no country a man who has reason to be sorry for attention shown to him."

This is wholly out of proportion to Mr. Taylor's merits, and we wonder at the *Tribune's* want of consideration in reproducing it. It is of the same order of approbation that a letter of introduction after his style would be:—

Dear Sir: This will introduce to you Mr. John Robinson. He is a person of decent manners, does not swear oppressively in company, and, if cautioned, will not soil your carpets with tobacco juice. He is fond of wine, but you may be sure that when he leaves your house, he will not carry away any of the spoons in his pocket, and will not be likely afterward to abuse, in public, any members of your family.

Yours truly, &c.,

### The Squatter Sovereign of the Old World.

The Grand Lama.

### Adjournment of Congress.

Pro Rogueing.

### Important to Ladies.

Correction.—The rumor to the effect that the new bonnets are sold by the yard is unfounded. They are, as yet, sold only by the foot.

The further report that the dressing-apartments of all the ball-rooms in this city have been enlarged for the accommodation of the aforesaid bonnets, is also erroneous. They are not yet enlarged, but are to be at an early period.

### Weight for the Waggon.

There is, according to the *Newark Advertiser*, a man by the name of Will, in Monmouth County, N. J., who weighs four hundred and seventy-two pounds: he is a lively evidence of the truth of the adage that Where there's a Will there's a Weigh.

### A Sensation Writer.

Louis Napoleon.

"Blow, Herald, blow!"

## HERE AND THERE.

HERE appears in the Buffalo *Courier* a pleasant little anecdote of a "Buffalo gal" which fills me with profound respect for the females of that city. A young gentleman visits a good deal in a certain family. The designing fellow is base enough to frequently drop in and take tea. It is settled by the respectable parents that Lothario is paying attention to the daughter of the house. Lothario, however, continues to eat muffins and drink Pekoe, and never declares his intentions. It is resolved that he shall speak. A solemn family "tea-fight" is given. On this occasion, the mother requests the young man to come to the point. Young man is utterly astonished, drops his muffin, and assures the old lady that he never entertained the slightest matrimonial intentions toward her daughter. On this, the justly indignant maiden rises from the table, proceeds to an inner room, returns with a bottle of vitriol, and flings its contents in poor Lothario's face, disfiguring him for life.

The young men of Buffalo now know what they have to expect. I doubt not that Hymenial bonds are considerably above par since the event above related. Bachelors who have been nefariously obtaining tea and muffins under false pretences are hastening to avert the just punishment of their conduct by instantly marrying all the available daughters of their acquaintance. Such reprobates as are averse to matrimony, and yet have partaken of the hospitalities of families in which there are marriageable virgins, have, I presume, ere this left the city. A dinner-party henceforward will be a serious thing in Buffalo. Men will purchase a wedding-ring before accepting an invitation, and get a license previous to accompanying a lady to the theatre.

Should the Buffalo matrimonial lynch-law spread as far as this city, we may expect to see such paragraphs as the following, in the daily papers.

"PUNISHMENT OF A MISCREANT.—A fellow named Jones invited a charming young lady named Smith to accompany him to the Dusseldorf Gallery. The next morning, Miss Smith's brother, accompanied by the lady herself and a clergyman, called at Jones' office, and requested him to marry his victim on the instant. The abandoned ruffian refused in the most heartless manner; whereupon young Smith drew a revolver and shot him through the head. Public sentiment is entirely on the side of the lovely heroine of this tragedy."

"Miss A——, of Fifth Avenue, administered pounded glass in a bowl of pea-soup to Mr. B——, of Ninth-street, from the effects of which he died in great agony. The cause for this terrible but merited vengeance was that B——, after eating a philopena with the young lady, refused to accompany her to the altar. We trust that this will teach young men not to trifle with the affections of unprotected females."

We are called upon to witness the extraordinary spectacle of a Welsh Rabbit in office, for I see by the journals that a gentleman who rejoices in the partially oleaginous cognomen of Fatty Welsh and is otherwise distinguished by having been the leader of that amiable party of politicians known as the "Dead Rabbits," has been appointed a street inspector by his Honor Mayor Wood. Mr. Welsh is quite a prominent city character, it seems. He has been shot twice or three times while engaged in municipal riots, and, we believe, has taken high honors in the college of rowdies which exists in the Sixth Ward. It is pleasing to the citizens of New-York to know that their interests are confided to the care of such an estimable person as Mr. Welsh. His appointment is an indication of the wise and paternal care which will characterize Mr. Wood's government. I suppose other city offices will, as they fall vacant, be filled by equally worthy incumbents. Let me suggest Felix Sanchez—now of the City Prison—as eligible for some nice post about the person of the Mayor himself. Quimbo Appo ought not to be overlooked by his Honor. Convicted as he has been of a desperate murder, he has the strongest claims on our chief magistrate's sympathy. Should the supply of first-rate felons fail, his Honor can obtain some very good villains at Sing Sing, so that the city need not suffer for lack of criminals. I trust that his Honor will proceed steadily in the path on which he has entered. Under such a régime as that just inaugurated, New-York must certainly become one of the best regulated cities in the world.

To prove this, let his Honor carry out the principle in his domestic circle. Let him have a house-breaker for a butler, a panel-thief for a chambermaid, and a garotter for coachman. He will find that under such a system his household will work most beautifully.

Dimes is so infatuated with little Patti that he has taken to skating on the Central Park pond. As Dimes has hitherto carefully avoided all athletic exercises, on the plea that health was vulgar—a surprised friend meeting him on the ice, and all in a glow, demanded the reason of this sudden conversion. Dimes confessed that it was because the exercise reminded him of his idol; for when he was on skates he could call himself a Patineur!

Apropos of the Drama, I suggest to the proprietors that a most appropriate theatrical caricature for VANITY FAIR would be one of a Booth.

It is astonishing how fickle is the mind of man. This profound remark having doubtless startled the reader, I will proceed to illustrate with a couple of letters received at this office, from Mr. Abraham Tramp, the lecturer.

TO THE EDITORS OF VANITY FAIR.

GENTLEMEN,— *N. Y, Feb.*, 1859.

I have seen the first number of your paper, and am delighted with it. It is the best humorous sheet in the world. The wit is genial and fresh, and the illustrations are unsurpassed. I enclose you a few contributions which I hope will prove acceptable to you. I also enclose you my advertisement, and propose that you shall insert it for a year, to be paid for in contributions. Wishing you all success, I remain yours sincerely, A. TRAMP."

To this, the editors replied that the contributions were not suitable, and that they preferred paying for all articles accepted, and charging, in like manner, for all advertisements which were inserted in their paper. This brought a second note from Tramp.

TO THE EDITORS OF VANITY FAIR.

"GENTS,— *N. Y., Feb.*, 1860.

"I might have known that the contemptible spirit which governs your paper would have excluded everybody not of your own clique from the columns of VANITY FAIR. My writings are, it seems, not witty enough for you! They must be bad, indeed, if they are not superior to the trash which you publish every week. I beg to inform you that I despise you thoroughly, and shall lose no opportunity of injuring your sale. Yours, with the most supreme contempt, A. TRAMP."

Notwithstanding this awful threat, we still live.

### Alarming Suspense.

The friends of Mr. Thomas Hanlon, who does the "Echelle Perileuse" at Niblo's, entertain great fears that he may some night be arrested as a vagrant, because, during the principal part of his performance, he has no Visible Means of Support.

### Timid—Very.

The telegraph from "The Plains" reports that, "when the last mail left Pawnee Fork, five mails were detained, waiting for escort." Couldn't they find an Indian Beau?

### The New Comer at Niblo's.

Is it a Boy or a Girl?

### The Fight between Heenan and Sayers.

Who shall have the Pounds?

### Point Blank.

This Joke.

"THE UNION IS PEACE."

### A Sound Objection.

A number of law students refused to attend the lecture given at the Columbia College Law School, in Lafayette Place, giving, for their reason, that there was too much Noyes about it.

WHY IT IS THAT "OLE VIRGINNY NEVER TIRES."—Because Ole Virginny is so remarkably slow,

### RULES FOR GOING TO SLEEP.

[AMENDED FROM HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.]

1. Fix the thoughts, on tumbling in, on some one thing, vast and simple: such as the sky, the ocean, the success of VANITY FAIR, or your tailor's bill.

2. Sleep is promoted by lying with the head towards the East, where the sun rises. Next best to that is the direction you like best. This can be ascertained only by examining the pillow when you get up.

3. A writer recommends to commence winking both eyes violently at once and to continue doing of it until Morphy makes his appearance. The desired result may be also attained, according to the same authority, by clapping the naked feet together with all the force at your command.

4. Another distinguished writer avers that a better plan is to twist the body into a hard knot, and shut the mouth and hold the nostrils—then fancy you see the breath going out all the time.

5. We have known (Hall have known,) on the failure of all forms of anodynes, the gentle, continuous mussing of the hair by a hard cold hand, to be admirably successful.

6. (6 is longer than the others.) When persons are prevented from sleeping by a slight hacking cough, sleep is sometimes induced by having two pieces of Canton flannel about say six inches by four, or six by four and a sixteenth, to be used alternately, thus: have a demijohn of alcohol (strychnine will not do) at hand; (if a lady john needn't look;) dip one of the Canton flannels into it and lay it across the chest, the upper edge of the cloth ranging with the button-hole of your——— Let it remain five minutes, then put on the other. So on and off, until morning.

7. A French medical journal advises, on retiring, to put five or six bits of sugar candy, as large as English walnuts, in the mouth at once, and before they are melted the patient will have passed off quietly enough.

8. Read the last number of *Punch*.

RULES FOR KEEPING AWAKE.

*Same High Authority.*

1. Read VANITY FAIR.
2. Do it again next week.

### Flat Stupidity.

President Buchanan's St. Clair Ve[illegible].

"The Chief who in Trial Advances."

Simpson.

### More Fatal Carelessness in Construction.

Destructive Mills are not only to be found in Massachusetts. The Clark Mills, of Washington, will have something to answer for to an indignant nation. The system of the Clark Mills, as applied to George Washington, is most disastrous. All who regarded this eminent man with affection and veneration will be filled with grief when they see the condition to which he has been brought by the Clark Mills. The once noble features, the massive and vigorous frame, the spirit of glorious vitality, are all gone, and in their place are now distortion, deformity and heavy lifelessness. If the Clark Mills have a conscience there must be suffering somewhere. Although the stones of the Capitol do not rise up and denounce the outrage, yet the National Treasury bleeds on account of it.

### A Sensation at Washington.

On the 8th inst., the U. S. Senate, having an excellent opportunity to throw away $50,800, actually decided not to do it. The Committee on Printing had proposed to print 10,000 copies of a report of observations in the Crimea. It was a political job, and a majority of the Senators thought that, in politics, we had quite enough Crime Here, without going to Russia for more.

VERY LIKELY!

"HAVE A TUBULAR NECK-TIE, SIR?"

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